2; Lorimer T-3 (1920-4; 1934-5) 1939 AV7 Burusho AV7

fire, but the usual gaily dressed crowd were at "The Gate," just as on the recent Wedding Day. I slipped across to join the women and got a warm reception from many whom I knew and more whom I did not. Then an old crone came along, bearing a huge dish of flour and sprinkled a pinch on every woman's cap and left shoulder, saying as she did so: "Ya Ali!" All seemed pleased when I said: "Nay, mother, would you forget me?" and as she duly sprinkled me too I slipped a few pence into her hand. Then I extricated myself from the women's throng, scattering good wishes as I went, to rejoin David, whom I found similarly be-floured.

We thankfully toiled uphill home, too hot now in our midnight wrappings, and very shortly faithful Zaidu and Dádo produced a hot breakfast, after which we turned in and slept. There must be some magic in the Hunza air. You would hardly contemplate sitting out of doors to watch an open-air show at home at 7,600 feet from 5 to 8 a.m. on December 21st (or even on December 16th, for the Hunza calendar has got its Solstice slightly "fast") with the thermometer reading 22° Fahrenheit.

There was to be more dancing that p.m., but we felt we had seen enough for one day, and the headmen seemed relieved when we said we would not come. They confessed that after the bonfire people went home and made merry with their wine, and that there might be some mild rowdyism—and since they have no other drink but water, who shall blame them? Not we, dissolute bibbers of hot tea! We did not want to spoil our impression of the astounding orderliness of the night's merry-making. Though everyone was in the highest spirits and the youngsters full of excitement, the crowd's behaviour was perfect. Even when one torch flew right across the circle into the faces of half a dozen spectators, there was only a laughing stampede, and when the circle drew in too close and threatened to impede the dancing, some responsible grown-up simply snatched a brand from the fire and swept it round the front ranks, driving the children back amidst fun and laughter. Considering that there are no police in the country, and that the headmen have no authority except their

2: Lorimer T-3 (1920-4; 1934-5) 1939 AV7 Burusho AV7

[625] personal influence, we found the lack of even minor mis-
[622] demeanours among the Hunzukuts perennially astonishing.

796 The Tumushelling Bonfire would seem to have originated
773 amongst the Shins, but the Hunza Burusho, with their delight in pageantry, have lifted it and made it the central item in whatever were their own original Solstice rites. The oft-told story of the Bonfire is this: Once upon a time there lived a tyrant King of Gilgit, Shíri Badat by name, who exacted the tribute of one lamb or kid daily from his people. The custom was that each house in turn should pay the tribute. One day the turn fell to a poor old woman who possessed nothing in the world but one well-beloved pet lamb. Shíri Badat ate the lamb as usual, but remarked that it had a peculiarly delicate flavour, and asked its history. The old woman was summoned to the presence and cross-questioned. Yes, it was rather a special lamb. The ewe, its mother, had died when it was born, and the old woman had given it to her daughter-in-law to suckle; so the lamb had been reared on human milk.

This proved an unfortunate revelation, for from that day forward Shíri Badat demanded a human infant per day, and would not be gainsaid. The country groaned in misery, but the people were helpless, for Shíri Badat was no mortal man to be easily murdered; he was of Peri stock, and bore a charmed life.

Now it happened that a young prince from a neighbouring country had fled in disguise to Gilgit to escape intriguers seeking his life at home. He had taken sanctuary in the Wazir's house, and there he met Princess Nur Bakht, who was a foster-child of the Wazir's. The two young people fell in love, and when the Princess found she was with child she was filled with fear lest her baby should fall a victim to her father's unnatural appetite. So the Wazir, the Prince, and she hatched out a plot in which Nur Bakht was to play the rôle of Delilah to the cannibal Samson, Shíri Badat.

"Father," she said one day, "your subjects are full of wrath and hate because of the baby-tax you levy on them; I fear me they will find some means to slay you. Now if I knew the secret of your life I could the better protect you against harm."

share (what is) better than (what you have given to) all the others. 112.8,14. *jaʷr trʌŋʊlʊm ʌči bai.i* he has given me (this place) as my share. 112.18. *besʌn jaʷr trʌŋʊlo aʷr juʷči bi kɛ* whatever comes (i.e. falls) to me as my share. 372.3. *trʌŋ ɛtʌs, trʌŋ *-ʌtʌs* to divide, divide up among, apportion. *jɛ ma bušai.ɛ trʌŋ maʷčʌm* I shall apportion your land among you. 110.24. *imo daulʌt uʷr trʌŋ nɛ* dividing up his property among them. 366.4. Cp. 54.19, 110.25, 114.11 ff., 148.14, 372.5. *trʌŋʊm trʌŋ mʌnumʌn* they were divided into parties. *Gilte sis aʷlto trʌŋ mʌnumʌn* the people of Gilgit divided into two parties. 386.1. (Cp. Sh. *trʌŋ*, half, etc.).

2, *trʌŋ, -ičʌŋ*, y girth (horse's) H. *tʌŋ*. — *šɔrma trʌŋ* girth made of goat's hair webbing. *baʷla trʌŋ* circingle of leather. (Cp. Kho. *trʌŋ*, girth).

trʌŋfʼa, -tiŋ, N. pl. *-mʊts*, hm. headman, of village. In most villages there are 2 or 3 trangfas. — *Bʼaltite trʌŋfa* the Trangfa of Baltit. 318.2. (Cp. Sh. *trʌŋfa*, Balti *trʌmpa*). [622]

trʌp ɛtʌs to slap, smack. — *guʷ.iʷ trʌp ai.ɛ* dont smack your son. QUB. *hʌɣʊr trʌp ɛti* smack, touch up, the horse. QUB. *uʷɛ uriŋčiŋ trʌp ɛtʊmʌn* they clasped hands. (From the sound). QUB. !

trʌp šon stone-blind.

thrʌq -iŋ y open crack (in wood, wall etc.), cleft; Adj. split, etc. — *thrʌq niʷmi* it became cracked, it cracked. *thrʌq ɛtʌs* to split, cleave (lengthwise). 86.14. *iʷte bʌt aʷlto trʌq ɛtimi* he cleft the stone in two. 204.12. Cp. 206.1. *ʌtʌn trʌq na* splitting the top of my head (for me). 230.6.

357 b

! [see corrigenda et addenda, category 116, p. 544 - Analyst]

8:Clark N-5 (1948-1951) 1963
AV7 Burusho AV7
Hunza
[P.39-A]

Hunza in the Himalayas

Storied Shangri-La undergoes scrutiny

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TERRACED country, *left*, is ruled by the Mir, shown with village chiefs, above, at his palace at 8,000 foot altitude. Background peaks exceed 20,000 feet.

8:Clark N-5 (1948-1951) 1963
AV7 Burusho AV7
Hunza
[P.40-C]

affairs, its defense, and its single telephone line. Hunza pays no taxes to the Pakistani Government. Instead, they are paid to the Mir, who is absolute ruler of the small border state. The Mir appoints an *arbop*, or village chief, and a *chowkidar*, or local sergeant at arms, for each village. Local disputes are tried by village chiefs. Anyone has the right of appeal to the Mir's court, which consists of the Mir, his hereditary grand vizier, plus the Mir-appointed chiefs of all the villages within walking distance of the palace. However, since the loser usually pays a fine to the Mir's treasury, and the winner traditionally gives the court a present equal to the loser's fine, not many cases are appealed. The Aga Khan (literally "Grandfather King") is spiritual leader of the Ismaili reli-